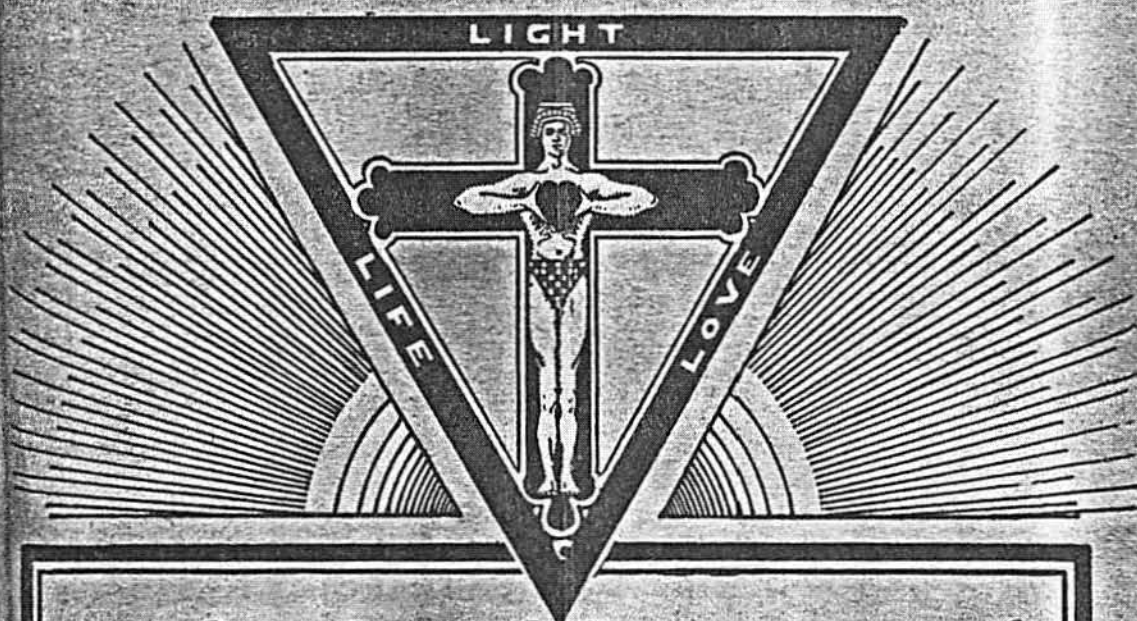


The
**MYSTIC
TRIANGLE**



A Modern Magazine of
ROSICRUCIAN PHILOSOPHY

Zada or Looking Forward

Our Trip Through Europe

A Brother of the Rosy Cross

Nine Practical German Mystics

Idealism, Mysticism—Are They Practical?

OCTOBER, 1926

THE TRIANGLE

Published Monthly by The Department of Publication, American Supreme Council
ANCIENT AND MYSTICAL ORDER ROSAE CRUCIS
of North America

The A. M. O. R. C. of North America is affiliated with ANTIQUUM ARCANUM ORDINEM SAE ET AUREAE CRUCIS in various parts of the world and with its branch bodies operating under similar names in other parts of the world. All affiliated branches operate under a supreme world council which sponsors the various jurisdictions and charters the Supreme Councils and degrees of each jurisdiction.

THE NORTH AMERICAN JURISDICTION

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(The following classifications of membership apply to the North American Jurisdiction as outlined above, and to parts of other Jurisdictions. The fees or dues vary in other jurisdictions, however).

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In order to have your correspondence receive prompt attention be sure to use the address below. Do not send Special Delivery letters or telegrams unless in emergencies. Special Delivery Letters are not delivered to any of our departments sooner than regular letters. You may direct your letter to any special department by placing in the lower left corner of the envelope the name of any of the following departments:

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Make all checks or money orders payable only to "Amorc Funds."

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AMORC

Rosicrucian Square, Memorial Boulevard, Tampa, Florida.

Zada, or Looking Forward

By J. H. Thamer, K. R. C.

Of the New York Grand Lodge, AMORC

(This is the Tenth Installment of the Story which Began in the January Issue.)

Chapter VIII



PHILIP lost no time in putting his idea into action, and, upon the advice of Zada, accompanied her the following morning to get permission from the War Council, which was readily granted; at the same time he was given to understand that, should he get into any serious or dangerous predicament, the New America, as a state, could not come to his assistance under existing conditions, although they commended him for undertaking this dangerous mission on behalf of justice.

Leaving the War Council, Zada accompanied Philip to the sub-marine depot where Orville was busily engaged in preparing one of the smaller combined air and under-water craft for Philip's use.

His farewell was brief, merely a hand-clasp with Zada and Orville, which spoke louder than words. His decision to navigate his craft and go upon this mission alone was heartily approved of by Zada and Orville as they stood hand in hand watching his departure, until he appeared but a small speck in the sky, for his plans were to take the air route until near the Straits of Gibraltar, unless unforeseen circumstances should compel him to submerge sooner beneath the waters of the Atlantic.

We will now accompany Philip on his undertaking, to enlighten you in regard to the many experiences and dangers he encountered, which at times seemed too great for him to overcome.

Taking a southern air route, his voyage was uneventful. Arriving a hundred miles off the Straits of Gibraltar during the late afternoon, where he settled upon the surface of the Atlantic, as pre-arranged he got into communication with his father's butler, informing him that he expected to land his sub-marine in a small, hidden cove bordering the extensive grounds surrounding his father's estate. When informed by the butler that another meeting of import was to be held in his father's study that evening, he decided to attend.

Submerging, he safely negotiated the Straits, entered the cove after dark and, rising to the surface, fastened his craft to a

projecting rock with a strong steel hawser.

Before leaving his craft he adjusted the death ray device, so that every part, including the hawser, was charged, in consequence of which any one attempting to meddle with it would immediately be reduced to a helpless condition.

It was about nine o'clock when Philip quietly approached the house, being admitted by the butler, who, after showing him to the door of his father's study, excused himself, saying that he was going to get into communication with Zada to report Philip's arrival and instruct her to listen in.

Philip quietly thanked him, and said that knowing that his friends were listening in and seeing him taking part in the unexpected meeting would give him greater courage to acquit himself honorably in support of the cause.

His father, who was about to address his associates, was visibly shaken as Philip entered unannounced, but with a great effort controlled himself. The atmosphere was tense as Philip, not receiving any welcome from his father, slowly advanced to the head of the council table and commenced to address them. His father unconsciously resumed his seat, not being able to adjust himself quickly to this unexpected contretemps.

As Philip stood at the head of the council table, facing these men who were associates of his father, knowing that they were the chief instigators of this, the greatest war in the history of mankind, some unseen and unknown voice seemed to find utterance through him as he addressed them:

"Gentlemen, and your chief, whom the laws of Karma have given me for a father, and who is now dismayed at the promptness with which I obeyed his deceptive message, are no doubt wondering what information I have to impart to you, and I sincerely hope that, before I am through with what I have to say, you, in spite of your egotism and greed, will have gained some knowledge of the despicable position in which your actions have placed you, in the eyes of your mother-country, when seen in comparison with the Laws of your Creator, which are intended to promote harmony and peace instead of anger, greed and strife among your fellowmen.

You must learn that tyrannical autocracy is adverse to man's evolution and progress, and that relief from such evil can only come through the kind and humanitarian leadership of developed and master minds. The minds of the multitude are become charged with wondrous thoughts for immediate evolution of human rights, privileges and freedom.

The days of feudalism, slavery and government control by a few of the very wealthy must give way to freedom of body and

The crime of autocracy and tyranny, when man's mind and thought are held in bondage, must be replaced everywhere by freedom of mind and soul, so that man physically, mentally and spiritually may be a competent agent to that degree of understanding and reasoning to which each will attain through knowledge and experience.

You, who imagine that with your wealth and power you are supreme and have nothing to fear, would grovel in the dust at shrieks of anguish could you but know that punishment the Law of Compensation has in store for you.

It is almost impossible to conceive of any man, made after God's own plans, becoming debased and degenerate that he can contentedly revel in the lap of luxury, wrung from the sweat-tortured bodies of his less fortunate fellowmen without any brotherly charitable thought or act to add at least one saving grace to his future.

Within the possibilities of every sane and constructive man, woman and child are abilities and capabilities, assets and powers for the evolution of self and others, individually and collectively, to a higher degree of perfect living, and woe be unto you who are in any way contributed to the restriction of the development of these God-given faculties.

In the promulgation of this war, and the assistance you are giving to these tyrannical governments, you are digging for yourselves out of such depth that innumerable incarnations will be required, which are governed by the Laws of Compensation, to bring you back to a plane where you can enjoy the light of peace, love and harmony.

Darkness has shrouded your colony of healthy individuals, and your minds have become sophisticated, jesuitical, besotted, inebriated, fanatical, bigotted, illogical, premeditated, immoral and associated in mental and physical power with every destructive agency existing in the chaotic realm of hopelessness.

"Your chief, from whose loins I regret to say, I owe my material existence, would even sacrifice his only son to the God of Mammon, to such a depth has he fallen.

"Do not think that we, in the New America, have a 'corner' on truth, but truth in its great complex entirety, with its multiple laws and principles and minute exactness and accuracy, has a peculiar determination of revealing itself to those sincere individuals and nations who study and work, ponder and meditate, practice and experiment.

"You are making for yourselves a pit of misery, too horrible to contemplate, for every single soul that will be and has been kept from enjoying the truth and happiness which is their rightful inheritance, through and by your actions, which will be as millstones around your necks, retarding your growth to spiritual enlightenment for countless ages.

"I am here to tell you that your cause is a hopeless one, and your persistence in fanning the flames of hatred among nations will strike to death any ambitions for the future that you may cherish.

"The millions of lives and souls that have been seared by the flames of arrogance and tyranny in the past will rise, and, assisted by outraged nature, will cause such an upheaval that the Gods of Justice must hide their faces in pity and consternation."

While Philip was speaking his father's discomposure gradually changed to uncontrollable anger, as did the rest of his associates, for in their arrogance they could not comprehend Philip's warning other than one of affront to their imagined superiority, and, at a signal from Philip's father, several of the Japanese servants entered and, seizing him, pinioned his arms to his sides.

Being aware of the fact that these servants were revolutionary spies Philip was not necessarily alarmed, but not wishing to be ejected from the meeting, a prisoner, before some definite result had been obtained, he suddenly bethought himself of the ring Zada had given him, and determined that now was the time to test its efficiency.

Turning towards his father with a look of pity he said, "There comes a time when a father, by his actions, forfeits all filial recognition. Circumstances having placed me in this position, I am compelled to give you a demonstration of the powers you have to combat."

Twisting his hand into a favorable position, and at the same time pressing upon the protuberance underneath the ring, he saw his father sink helplessly into his chair with a

look of fear and horror upon his countenance; and when his associates rushed to his assistance, Philip directed the ring's influence and energy towards them with the result that they also became absolutely helpless.

The Japanese servants, upon seeing this demonstration of power, and thinking it super-natural, fled from the scene in dismay.

Philip's father was the first to find his voice, for you will remember that the energy projected by the ring temporarily paralyzed the different members of the body but permitted the victim the use of his vocal organs. He ejaculated, "My God, son, what is the meaning of this?" his voice quavering in abject fear.

Philip was well aware of the fact that the egotistical and arrogant individual has a horror of helplessness and impending destruction, in consequence of which he smiled at their fear, being determined to wring from them, while in his power, their promise to endeavor to bring the aggressors back to normalcy. To this end he promised to release them from this impotent condition if they would agree to use their wealth and influence to bring about a state of peace and harmony.

As has been the case from time immemorial, man is prone to sacrifice or agree to anything to be freed from impending trouble and danger, so these monied barons cravenly agreed to all of Philip's proposals, but as soon as he freed them from this, to them, mysterious power, their courage returned and they simultaneously leaped upon him.

The reaction was so great they momentarily reverted to the primitive savage and would have torn him from limb to limb had not his father checked them, saying that he had a better remedy for curing upstarts, putting his words into effect by again calling in the Japanese servants, bidding them to lock Philip securely in the wine cellar and carefully guard him.

Before the servants attempted to execute this command, however, Philip again directed the ring's rays towards his father, who collapsed upon the floor, whereupon his associates rushed pell-mell from the room, followed by the servants.

Calling the butler, Philip directed him to have the helpless form of his father carried into his bed-chamber and placed upon the bed, then sending for his mother he seated himself upon a chair at the head of the bed to await developments, while his father alternately begged to be released from this paralyzing vibration and hurled abuse and

vituperation upon him.

When his mother entered the bed-chamber and saw her husband lying helpless upon his bed she immediately collapsed in a faint, whereupon Philip dashed a glass of ice water upon her face, which had the desired effect of immediately restoring her. Anger replacing her cultivated sang froid, she demanded to know the cause of her husband's present condition.

He saved Philip the necessity of any explanation by a bitter and acrimonious tirade against his son's ungratefulness and degeneracy in forming an alliance and championing the cause of the very people in America who were attempting to dictate to the rest of the world, and who were the cause of the monied powers losing the controlling power in America.

Haughtily turning to Philip, his mother commanded him to immediately restore his father to his normal condition, threatening to have the servants eject him from the house if her wishes were not complied with at once; whereupon Philip reminded her that he had the present condition well under his own control, but much against his will, was compelled to use these drastic measures in the hope of being able to save them from their own destructive actions, and furthermore he doubted whether the servants could be coaxed or even forced to lay hands upon him after what they had witnessed.

Restoring his father to his normal condition, he sadly bade them goodbye, saying he would again be in the New America in a very few hours, and he doubted whether anything could now save them from absolute destruction if the pent-up wrath of the countless millions was once loosed.

His parents were speechless with anger as he quietly withdrew, after speaking a few words to the butler, who accompanied him to his underwater craft.

It was with a heart filled with sorrow and foreboding that he started on his return voyage, and this being uneventful we soon see him replacing his craft in its hangar, preparatory to calling upon Zada, whom he found eagerly awaiting his return, as also was Orville.

Although his efforts as a peace-maker had proved unavailing, he was nevertheless warmly congratulated upon his attempt, and the experience he had in the protection afforded him by the ring was discussed and commented upon.

In the meantime, the efforts of the revolutionary parties in the enemy countries were showing results, for the governors and

statesmen were having increased difficulty in retaining law and order and pushing forward the war program for an intense offensive. Conditions finally came to such a pass that they were compelled to use all of their loyal soldiers to keep their munition plants and factories in operation, in many instances resorting to capital punishment for the most trivial offence in the hope of gaining their ends by instilling fear into their subjects, not realizing, in their ignorance, that they were only fanning the flames of hatred into open rebellion.

Zada informed Philip that, from information gleaned from their foreign investigators, the enemy were planning to launch their greatest offensive in the near future. Profiting by their previous attempt, they intended sending some of their swiftest planes in advance to throw immense smoke screens, these to be followed by innumerable planes equipped to cover the ground with dense clouds of poisonous gas, these again to be followed by huge bombing planes, each capable of carrying ten tons of the most powerful explosive known to them.

She also said that the Council for the defense had authorized the increasing of their own aero-cars, for defense, to twice the number used in the last offensive by the enemy, and that their request for volunteers to man these additional planes was swamped with applicants from whom the required number had been selected and were now under training.

Upon Philip enquiring what their plans for defense would be, in view of the method of attack contemplated by the enemy, Zada informed him that they had further improved their death ray device and it now permitted them to send a ray for a distance of twelve miles without any loss of power, but regardless of their desire to avoid causing any more casualties than were absolutely necessary, she was afraid there would be a heavy loss of life among the enemy, for they would be compelled to throw their first line of defense at least two hundred miles off shore, and, to be effective, it would be necessary to stop them at all hazards, which would necessitate using the ray with its most death-dealing force.

While they were thus engaged in conversation, a messenger from the prisoners of war arrived, requesting Zada to come to their lecture hall as they wished to submit a proposition for her approval.

It will be remembered that the New America's method of treating her prisoners was unique, inasmuch that they had almost complete liberty, it only being required that they attend lectures and study along certain prescribed lines every day, these duties being interspersed with music and moving pictures depicting the home life of America's happy people and, at intervals, views of the home life and activities of their own countrymen in Russia and Japan.

When Zada, Orville and Philip entered the lecture hall, their audience rose to their feet and cheered them lustily, to which they smilingly bowed their appreciation, whereupon their spokesman, Orion Zagorski, rose to his feet and addressed them as follows:

"Friends:—

"Since our ignominious defeat and detention here, we have had ample opportunity to learn more of your wonderful country and system of government, in comparison with our homeland, and we have arrived at the following conclusion: namely, that it is now our duty to use our best efforts in assisting our brethren at home to obtain for themselves the same justice and happiness that your millions here enjoy. To accomplish this, we crave permission to be taken back to our respective countries and given the opportunity of assisting our brethren to throw off their yoke of oppression and establish a government of justice and equality.

"We fully realize that such a condition cannot be brought about in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, but that it will take years of patient work to instill into our people the knowledge of which they have been deprived for centuries, and at this time we would like you to give us the benefit of your experience and knowledge."

As Zada mounted the platform to address them, they again vociferously cheered her, after which she spoke to them as follows:

(Continued in our next issue)



NOTICE—Members desiring Rosicrucian emblems may now obtain them from headquarters. They are made of solid gold, beautifully inlaid with enamels, neat in size, and consist of the Triangle surmounted by the Egyptian Cross. Men's style, with screw back, \$2. Women's style, with patent safety catch pin, \$2.25. Remittances must accompany all orders. Address: Financial Secretary.

Our Trip Through Europe

(Part One)

(Editor's Note: This first installment of the Emperor's story of the very important, official tour in Europe was received by mail direct from Paris and reaches us in time for this issue. The official party is composed of our Emperor, Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, his wife, Marthe Morfier Lewis, the Supreme Grand Master, Ralph A. Wackerman, and his wife, Olive Wackerman. The party left Tampa on Saturday morning, July 31st, in a special car attached to the "Southern" of the Seaboard Air Line R. R.)

* * *

Paris again! The same today as seventeen years ago, when earlier in the month of August I approached its mysteries with such anticipation and hesitation as one approaches the Threshold of the Cosmic in the work of the Ninth Grade. New buildings and new sights there are, for the tourist, the casual visitor; but for the mystic, Paris is ever the same. The Shrines of mystic wisdom and the places made sacred by the historical development of transcendentalism remain unchanged by the passing of time. After hundreds of years have added their touches of softened colors and have added potency to the vibrations of living memories, a few years can make little change in things so immortal.

While Paris is not the goal of our journey in Europe, it proves to be the first important centre of the series of interesting events connected with this long chain of wonderful links. Therefore I feel impressed with the duty of reporting to our Brothers and Sisters in the North American Jurisdiction the occurrences of the past few weeks, that they may enjoy them with us.

Previous to our leaving Tampa I received hundreds of letters, telegrams and special messages from members, wishing us Bon Voyage and assuring me of their unbounded enthusiasm, devotion and appreciation. These letters came from all parts of the United States, Canada, Mexico, Alaska, Puerto Rico, and from many foreign countries. I do not believe that many men, even the highest officials of our land, have ever embarked on a tour with personally written and sincerely expressed wishes directed to him by so many men and women. It was a veritable flood of love and loyalty. These letters, sorted into sizes, have been bound and form several enormous volumes of living documents, the like of which no other

organization will ever possess in its historical archives, for I look upon these living letters as a gift greater to the whole Order than to me personally.

The local officers and members in Tampa had arranged farewell dinners and parties days before our departure, and the newspapers published many accounts of the vital importance of our tour and the effect it would have in increasing the valued activities of AMORC in the city of Tampa. Hence, with our hearts filled with joy and with smiling faces bidding us Goodbye, we left Tampa and started northward with every facility and comfort to enjoy the short ride of thirty hours to New York City.

As we moved northward through the States of Georgia and the Carolinas we were continually conscious of the increasing temperature. Nowhere in the vicinity of Tampa, or on the whole West Coast of Florida, have we ever found the uncomfortable temperature and humidity that we experienced in the States north of Florida. And when we finally reached New York City on the evening of August first, the heat and humidity were unbearable. It was strange to have persons ask us: "Can you stand the heat of Florida in the summertime?" It was our pleasure—if not our bounden duty—to explain to them that there is as much difference between the East and West Coasts of Florida in temperature, scenery and general conditions, as there is between New York City and San Francisco; and since we have lived thirty or more years in New York and eight years in San Francisco we can speak with knowledge. The East Coast of Florida is about as suitable for summer living as is Greenland for winter vacation tours. On the West Coast, however, especially around the great Metropolitan area of Tampa, which constitutes the largest city in Florida, we have year-round living in comfort, with gentle or strong breezes daily and cool evenings, unlike anything to be found elsewhere in Florida or the northern cities of New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago or Boston.

We had excellent reservations in New York, on the thirteenth floor of the Hotel Pennsylvania, with every means that human skill can provide to keep cool, but for the four days we were in New York we were conscious of the heat, the humidity and the foul air.

We know New York. We may call it our home town, but we found we did not know all that it is and is not until this visit. Not until one has lived in such natural, clean, wholesome gardens of civilization as California or Florida can one appreciate the artificial, unnatural and unwholesome conditions of a city devoted to but two ideas—big business and show. New York is truly a place to enjoy a week-end for a radical change, and we did enjoy our visit from Sunday evening to Thursday night.

Early Monday morning our telephone began its activities and appointments, engagements and interviews were arranged. At noon we met our Brother, the general manager of *La Presse*, the largest newspaper in Canada, who has recently been elected Master of Francis Bacon Lodge No. 333 of AMORC in Montreal, Canada. He came to New York with his charming wife for three days, during a very busy period of newspaper activity, in order to bring the good wishes of the Canadian members and to arrange for some of the pleasant incidents of the party's visit in New York. He escorted us to a Hotel in West Fifty-Ninth Street, where a souvenir luncheon was given in our honor by the Duc de Messirini. Here we met the wife of our Canadian Brother and also Brother Morton, who is the special representative of hundreds of newspapers in the United States. The eight of us enjoyed the luncheon immensely because of the charming conversation and personality of our host. The ladies of the party were presented with magnificent corsage bouquets by the Duc, and after the luncheon we were taken to his private studio in Steinway Hall in West Fifty-Seventh Street, and there the Duc entertained us for several hours by playing the many compositions which have made him famous in six countries of Europe and a leader among composers and conductors in America today. He is also an officer and highly advanced member of the Rosicrucian (Rose-Croix) Order in France, as well as a member of our Order while in America.

In the evening Brother Morton entertained the whole party at the Winter Garden, and at midnight I arranged for a supper and dancing. Thus our first day ended by breaking greatly into the second day.

Tuesday and Wednesday were spent in visits and consultations, luncheons and dinners, and a whirlwind of activities prevented me from visiting our headquarters at 361 West 23rd Street. In fact, it was not until the evening of Thursday, after packing and

saying Goodbye to those who came to the Hotel to see us, that I was able to run over to the New York Grand Lodge and visit Brother Lawrence, the Grand Master, and a few Brothers and Sisters for about an hour. But I arranged with them for a special session at the Grand Lodge upon my return in October, when I shall follow my usual custom and make my first report of official matters to the whole New York contingent. The New York Grand Lodge will always seem like my own Lodge. It was in this Lodge that I had the pleasure of raising my wife as the first lady in America to Cross the Threshold of AMORC, and of assisting at the christening of my two younger children with the Rosicrucian ceremony.

Arriving at the Pier, we boarded the large "Majestic" early, to find my father upon the deck waiting for our arrival and prepared to act as special envoy to the ladies of the party while we men were busy with the members of the Order who arrived from time to time to wish us Bon Voyage. Long before midnight boxes of flowers came to the ladies from the Duc de Messirini and boxes of candy from our Canadian members and others. Before the giant boat had passed far from the night lights of Greater New York we were again aware of our ties of Brotherhood and friendship, for the stewards were busy delivering to us telegrams, letters and radio messages from various parts of the United States and Canada, including a Marconigram from Grand Master Clark and his wife at Vancouver, British Columbia.

The first few days at sea were spent in the usual manner—getting accustomed to the roll of the boat and the vibration of the powerful engines. The ladies were a little concerned about the possibility of the dreadful mal-de-mer, but after having had everything conceivable recommended to them by the Hotel maids, friends and former tourists, they decided to use none of them but to apply their own Rosicrucian principles as we men had declared we would do. Therefore, with no FEAR of seasickness in our minds, we enjoyed the uppermost decks, even during the rough seas of August 7th, when we just avoided a cyclone which played some havoc on the Atlantic Ocean.

Finally, on the evening of August 11th, we packed our belongings and prepared for the very early morning arrival in Cherbourg, and after a six-hour ride through the ever delightful country of Normandy we reached Paris shortly after noon, Thursday, August

12th. Two official letters were awaiting our arrival: One was from the Grand Secretary of the Rosicrucian Order in Holland, informing us that having learned of our passage through Holland on our homeward journey, he invited us, on behalf of the Order, to be guests of the Lodge for several days. The other letter was from the Archivist of the Order in Cannes, inviting us to be guests, after the Convention sessions, at the Villa Jolyette, situated on the Mediterranean near Venice.

Our great joy, however, was found in the services rendered to us by an eminent Professor of Philosophy of the University here in Paris, who placed at our disposal his ability to act as interpreter (in six languages) and whose wife, a very charming and highly educated native of France and an enthusiastic student of our work, became the daily companion, guide and interpreter for the ladies of our party. This permitted the ladies to start out daily from our suite in the Hotel Majestic on tours of sightseeing and shopping, while we men were busy with official matters.

Since we had but nine days at our disposal in Paris before proceeding south to the Convention, we were sorry to learn that all offices and places of business would be closed from noon of Saturday, August 14th, until Tuesday morning, August 17th, because of the Fete or celebration of the Assumption, a religious occasion still of considerable importance in France.

However, I am happy to report one most wonderful experience on Saturday, August 14th, which will remain in my memory for all time. Through the courtesy of the Grand Secretary of our Grand Lodge (du Nord) of AMORC I was invited to join with three other Rosicrucian delegates, who happened to visit the Secretary's office that morning, in a special and strictly secret tribute to the work, martyrdom and memory of one of Europe's most picturesque Rosicrucian characters—Cagliostro. And this was to be done during a visit to the very Temple, halls and private chambers of the Mansion in Paris which, in times past, was the centre of all the mystery of France.

So, one hour later, I found myself entering a courtyard—the famous garden court—between ancient gates that had silently opened to the highest officials of State and Church, to the Royalty, the Nobility, the wealthy, social classes and the most influential persons of Europe. Yes, the Mansion still remains, in an out-of-the-way place, with new streets cutting off two sides of the

famous walled gardens and with commercial occupants on the ground floor—but with a disguised occupation in the part of the building not used by artists and antiquarians, who love the atmosphere and vibrations of the place they know only too well, but speak about only to those who know and reverence.

To our newer members in America and elsewhere, let me say that the popular reputation given to Monsieur le Comte de Cagliostro by Dumas in his novels, by the various Encyclopedias and by church records, is precisely what Cagliostro permitted the public to believe of him during his persecution. But it is not true; it is not based on fact. Rather than reveal in those critical times the real facts of his life work and of the Rosicrucian Order of which he was the Grand Kophta, he, like those of the Knights Templar and other secret fraternities, suffered imprisonment, torture, public disgrace, ecclesiastical condemnation and execution—suffered all these things rather than reveal a single fact that would have saved his own life but would have brought unpleasant publicity and criticism to thousands of others. Thank God that the days have passed when such personal sacrifice as this is added to the burdens of those who are leaders and directors in the Great Assembly of the White Brotherhood.

Some day in the near future I will present in this magazine an outline of the life and great work of this eminent Rosicrucian, who passed away one hundred and thirty-one years ago in a dungeon in Italy, where he had been exiled. Hundreds in Paris today—thousands throughout France—a million, perhaps, throughout the world, agree with the statement of the humble taxi-driver who took us to the outer gates: "Ah, Monsieurs, this was the home and Temple of the Grand Comte de Cagliostro, the most wonderful physician of France, and so good to all who suffered." The "Great Physician" is the title by which thousands knew him through the most humane and humanitarian experiences.

But I must write a few words about the Temple. Closed tightly for over one hundred and thirty years, except for secret celebrations held there by Rosicrucians, it is still charged with the vibrations of the marvelous demonstrations made there, and is preserved against curious observation by means and methods unsuspected even by the gate-keeper. This applies also to the ante-rooms, the private chambers of the great Comte, and the secret passages. I was per-

mitted to unlock the secret iron door, covered with wood and stone paneling to conceal it, and enter the strange, private passageway that passed from the Comte's personal quarters on the upper floor, between walls to the rear of the Temple (with another secret door there), down iron and stone steps to the level of the garden, where it continues at another angle and goes beneath the present street. Thence it continues for many long blocks or squares—nearly a dozen—to secret chambers under a large Plaza over which stands, now, a monument marking the location of the famous prison known as the Bastille.

Why Cagliostro had this secret passage from the under-chambers of the prison to his home and Temple, I will explain in my later article; but as I stood in the narrow entrance to the chambers neath the Plaza and heard the rumbling of heavy auto busses above, and looked at the markings on the wall, I became conscious of one phase of the work in Cagliostro's life that few understood.

We performed our little ceremony; we paid tribute to the memory of the Grand Kophta, and renewed, in that solemn place, our vows to the ideals and purpose of our Order. Then we reverently closed and sealed all doors and passages and signalled to the outer guards to suspend their peculiar

occupations as unnecessary, and slowly, with saddened hearts, we entered again the great garden court, so often and wonderfully described in the stories told about this man and this place. I secured permission to take some photos in this Mansion, and I shall return to it, in a few days, at a time when I shall have all the assistance, protection and secrecy necessary, for I must use flash-light for some of the parts. These pictures I will use to accompany my article in this magazine later.

Several days have passed since the visit referred to and, after consultation with the various high officers of the Rose-Croix (Rosicrucian) Order here in Paris, my plans are all made to attend the preliminary Conclave in this city and then proceed by de Luxe train for Bordeaux, then to a little village in the foothills of the Pyrenees, where stands the first Knights Templar edifice and wherein will be held a general meeting of testimony and respect to this **Rosicrucian Shrine**, before going to Toulouse for the great International Convention.

I will write my next installment of this article after the Convention.

Greetings to all my Brothers and Sisters from Paris—Paris, the city of life, gayety, love, art, beauty—and mystery.

A Brother of the Rosy Cross or the Adept and the Neophyte

By Agrippa, 32° Frater Khurum

(This is the Fourth Installment of the Story which Began in the July Issue.)



AFTER an early breakfast Hamersley called, saying that all was in readiness to begin our trip. Soon we were safely in the boat, bound for Assuan and Nubia. One week it took us, travelling slowly against the current, to get to our camp, which was situated within sight of the old island of Philae. As we went past the ancient sacred places upon the island we ran closely between the pillars of the now partly submerged buildings, passing near to the Temple of Isis and running so close to the small kiosk or temple of Osiris that I was able to touch the pillars as we went by. How strange it seemed to be sailing, as it were, in an Egyptian Venice, among the tops of buildings and palm trees. On we went and, as we could see in the distance the tents which we were to

occupy, Prof. Hamersley called me to him and asked if Doctor Cavendish had told me why Mack was returning to America.

"I will tell you," said he; "you will learn sooner or later any way and you might as well be prepared."

"First, then, you will know that all who are working in our camp are Masons; in this work I could use no others. You will remember that the Second Book of Chronicles, chapter eight, verse eleven, says 'And Solomon brought up the daughter of Pharaoh out of the city of David unto the house that he had built; for,' he said, 'My wife shall not dwell in the house of David king of Israel, because the places are holy, whereunto the ark of Jehovah hath come'. We know that Shishak, as he is known in the Bible, or Sheshonk I, as he is known to history, were one and the same individual and on the walls of Karnak are inscribed,

on the south side of the building, a list of Palestinian towns as well as many from the kingdom of Israel. Jerusalem is not in the list but we have reason to believe that at one time Solomon held much of his kingdom by paying tribute to his Royal father-in-law. At this time, also, Solomon's friend, Hiram, King of Tyre, ruled all the kingdom of Tyre. This was about 925 B. C. This Pharaoh captured and presented the city of Gezer to Solomon. He made war in Nubia and was there successful. He was the last great king of the Nineteenth Dynasty. But it is not of him that I would speak, but of the daughter, who was the Queen of Solomon. You notice he says, 'My wife shall not dwell in the house, of David, king of Israel, BECAUSE THE PLACES ARE HOLY'. Upon these few words rests the whole tale. We have reason to believe that the name of this queen was Nephthys, having received her name from the goddess of that same name.

"The legend has it that she was possessed of unlawful magic knowledge and for that reason Solomon dispossessed her and sent her to another place to dwell because she was unholy and no such thing could remain near the Temple or the Ark. Now we have learned that she returned to her father, Sheshonk I, and in due time seemed to die, but because of her black magic she was banished in death and sent to Nubia, where her father had endowed a temple. There the priests would not allow the royal, but wicked, dead to be placed within the temple tomb but dug another in a cliff and, sealing it carefully, went away. We have learned also that Solomon, Hiram of Tyre, and the other Hiram united in giving her a magic necklace formed of gold, mounted with precious stones beyond number. Each link in the chain was a Masonic symbol but the two greatest were the trowel and the Seal of Solomon. The legend states that after it was presented she signed a contract in her own blood with Set, or Typhon, reversed the Seal of Solomon, and from that time worked black magic upon all she wished. The legend states that if it had not been for the evil influence of Set the end of Solomon's reign would not have ended as it did. The necklace we desire today is about the neck of the mummy in that tomb. So much for the tale. The excavators and natives about this place have heard the tale and sworn it is true. Now I come to Mack's part of the story. I sent him, with fifty excavators, to uncover the tomb. He set his markers, drove his stakes

and went to work, and in a surprisingly short time had sunk his shaft and was getting on nicely. He had arrived within only a few feet of the door when I heard the strangest cry and the workmen came running from the shaft, followed a few moments later by Mack, running with the speed of the wind. He passed me like a shot, with a white face and staring eyes. His clothes were in shreds and out he went, straight for the desert. Before I could do anything he had gone, disappearing behind a sand dune. Though it was fearfully hot just at the time, and we were about to take our noon rest, I directed the men to keep within sight of each other, but to make as large a circle as they could and, if possible locate Mack, for I feared for his life in that heat. Luckily we soon found him and put him to bed. He raved all that night, but the next morning was very calm. All he said to me was: 'I am through right now, Hamersley', and I could get no more from him then or since. What happened I have no idea; he never was very strong and perhaps he did have a touch of the Sun, though I can hardly believe it. What do you make of it, Gore?"

"A little sun, I guess," I replied.

"I am glad you think so," said he, "for that is what you are here for, to follow out that shaft and enter the tomb."

"I will do my best," said I.

In the morning I was at my task, leading the men in their work, alternately whistling and smoking my old brier. How I enjoyed the movement about me, the two streams of basket-men passing by, coming in with their empty baskets and taking them out filled with desert sand. The picks and shovels made a pleasant ring as they would strike bits of gravel which had to come out. At noon we had only a few feet to go, which I knew would be easily finished by evening. At evening the shaft was clear, so Hamersley and I decided to wait till morning to open the tomb. I planned to go in through the false door, as I thought we could break down the sandstone of which it was made without any trouble. Hamersley and I spent the evening having a little game of stud and smoking. We talked of home, but especially we wondered if the legend were true and if we would really find the body of Nephthys, the wife of Solomon, and with the legendary necklace.

We were up betimes in the morning, and with a few chosen workers under the command of one Mohamed Abur, son of Hassan, as he chose to be called, went to work.

I had a pick while Hamersley had a heavy bar. But before beginning our task of opening the tomb of her who had lived almost one thousand years before our era, I looked up over the square lintel of the door and there, in bright red, was painted the hieroglyph of Set, or Typhon, squatted upon his haunches, with his ass's head, holding in his hand the crux ansata, or sign of life, and beside this figure, in golden colors, was REVERSED THE SEAL OF SOLOMON. I pointed upward as Hamersley caught my eye and a smile of pleasure crossed his face.

"So far so good," said he; "the legend must have some truth in it."

Then we went to work with a will. Mortar and dust, and at last the stone gave way before us and, with a happy cry, Hamersley saw his bar disappear out of his hand into the tomb. A little more work and the hole was large enough for us to squeeze through. I entered first but came out immediately, not even taking time to look about, for the tomb was full of carbon dioxide, which would mean certain death. So, leaving Mohamed Abur in charge, we withdrew to our tents for a moment's rest and smoke. We had given all the others, except our chosen band, a day's holiday so that we would not have so many about us. Therefore the midday quiet of the desert was not broken except by a laugh or the sound of dishes as our men prepared their noon meal. We rested a few moments after lunch, then, arming ourselves with our electric torches, went to the tomb, this time to enter for the air would have cleared by now. As we approached the door we had broken, Mohamed sat quietly by it, watching as we had told him to do. As we drew near, Hamersley called to him but he did not respond. We went nearer to him and I shook him by the shoulder. Then Hamersley bent down and turned his light upon him. We both fairly started, for there sat Mohamed, dead, his eyes open and his face frozen into lines of horror. We stared at each other.

"What could have happened to him?" I asked.

"I can see no serpent bite or mark of any kind upon him. It must have been heart disease," said Hamersley; "let us leave him as he is for a moment and enter the tomb."

So turning our backs on the dead of today, we entered to face the dead of three thousand years or more.

As we passed through the broken door, we brushed between two portrait statues of Nephthys, wife of Solomon, which stood one upon either side of the door. Beyond

we saw a red stone sarcophagus; otherwise the tomb was empty. There were not the usual statuettes which were to serve the departed in the land of Amenti; there was none of the usual embalmed food for the Kah to consume when it returned to the tomb; there was nothing but a single group of hieroglyphs which represented Set destroying the body of Osiris.

"Nothing," I said, "upon the sarcophagus that was not true", for there, inscribed in red again, was the same figure of Set which we had seen without the tomb, that was all. Getting our heavy bars between the cover of the sarcophagus we pried and pried. Never, do I think, have I felt such a weighty piece of stone. At last, and so quickly that we were thrown to the floor, the lid gave way and, falling, broke into many pieces so that it was impossible to cover the stone coffin at all. We had to stand on our toes to peer inside and there on the bottom lay a mummy case covered with silver and gold, one of the finest specimens I have ever seen.

"Shall we open it now?" asked Hamersley.

"You are the chief," I replied.

"Then let us open it at once while we are alone, for if we don't now perhaps one of the men might break it open, searching for the necklace."

After much exertion we succeeded in getting the case out of the sarcophagus and we laid it gently upon the floor. Then Hamersley, taking a heavy knife that he carried always with him, cut from head to foot on either side so that at last, after going around a number of times, we could remove the lid. This we did. There, lying with hands crossed upon her bosom, was the wife of Solomon. A beautiful portrait mask covered the face and after removing the first covering the unwinding had to be done very carefully. A strange thing I noticed was that the body seemed very supple and was not withered, as was usually the case. Another thing was that instead of that dank smell, so common to the mummy, I felt, rather than smelled, a most indescribable pleasant odor. As we unwound the body I noticed that the bosom was round and full, as well as the flesh of the arms and limbs. At last the mummy was unwrapped and there before us lay the body, as if in sleep, of the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Her skin was a smooth, soft brown, the eyebrows were not too heavy and almost met over the nose, being raven black like her hair, which hung in two great braids beside her face. She appeared to be about eigh-

teen, with all the attractiveness of youth, and about her neck was THE NECKLACE OF SOLOMON. We fairly shouted with glee, thinking what this find would mean for Masonry, a thing which the Great Master had seen, handled and used, a present from the three Grand Masters. Could archeologists ask for more? Hamersley took the necklace carefully from the mummy, as if he expected to wake her from her age-old sleep. I held the torch while he examined it. There was the trowel of wrought gold, studded with a great ruby which gave forth a bright scarlet light; there was a copy in miniature of the columns which stood before the house; there was the level, the square, the plummet, the triangle, the Rose-Cross, the all-seeing eye; yes, and truly the Seal of Solomon inverted. A fortune of fortunes was ours; we would be heralded as the greatest archeologists of the world. We shook hands again and again and the mummy slept on.

Hamersley placed the necklace carefully within his money belt and, placing the cover upon the mummy case, we left the tomb, carrying poor Mohamed between us, and returned to the camp.

Mohamed, poor fellow, had been quite a favorite and when his companions realized that he was dead, a great shout went up, followed by cries of sorrow. We left him with them, knowing well that no dog of a Christian was wanted while they prepared him for burial. We said nothing of unwrapping the mummy or finding the necklace and, having spent a hard and exciting day, we went to bed in the same tent, with our Colts under our heads and the necklace safely in Hamersley's belt.

During the night I had the most exquisite dreams; once it seemed to me that I heard Hamersley call goodbye to me and in my dream the beautiful wife of Solomon entered my tent as she was in life. What a sinuous movement she had, walking like some semi-wild thing of the desert. As I gazed, I dreamed that she looked upon me out of two beautiful eyes touched with kohl, and her breath, as she bent over me, was sweeter than that of the air as it is wafted by the wind when blowing through the honeysuckle. She stood at the door of the tent and beckoned me. Though I knew I was dreaming I fought with all my might against her attraction, for my sub-conscious self seemed to warn me all was not right. At last, however, in my dream I rose from my cot, as she held the tent flap aside for me to follow her, never for a moment think-

ing of Hamersley. I felt a tremendous thwack on my shin and found myself on the tent floor, having fallen over a cracker box which served us for chair and table. I looked at the door; the tent flap was closed but without did I dream it or was it true? I heard laughter; that of an attractive girl.

I sat there for a moment, gently rubbing my bruised limb, when I noticed that Hamersley's bed had not been slept in. I went to the tent door and saw that the East was just getting tinged with pink. Where could he be? Surely he was about to turn in when I did so. Then I remembered how I thought I had heard him call me. Was it not a dream then? Had Hamersley called me and I not answered? He must be ill. Perhaps he was just outside the door. I looked about, walked about the tent, went to the mess tent hunting for him. I could find no Hamersley. I would call; perhaps he had gone to the Nile for an early bath. I halloed and halloed, only succeeding in awaking the excavators, who came running to my tent in all sorts of apparel.

"Have you seen Hamersley Effendi," I asked.

None had seen him since he entered the tent with me the evening before. What was the matter with the man and what was his game? Had he absconded with the necklace, thinking that he would sell it and keep all its value for himself? No; surely Hamersley would not do any such thing. Had he not been the trusted servant of the Museum these twenty years and he was too good a Mason to try to hide such a prize from the rest of the world.

"Let us search for him, men," I cried; "let three go north, three south, three west, and three east. Search diligently and see if you can learn ought of our Hamersley."

So the men started and searched all that day, up and down the Nile, across the sands of the desert. No Hamersley. At last, before the sun would set, I went to the newly-opened tomb. There I saw that which gave me a shock; empty was the coffin in which the wife of Solomon had slept for ages. So one of my men had done away with Hamersley and stolen the mummy. I would soon find the guilty one, but the necklace was safe; that is, if Hamersley could be found. I blew my whistle and gathered all the workmen together. Not one was missing.

"What means this," I cried, "one of you has dared to murder Hamersley Effendi and has the courage to stay here?" They looked at each other in surprise and at last a bright young chap stood forward and said; "Gore

Effendi, why should we kill Hamersley Effendi? He was kind to us. Why should we injure him?"

"Who, then, has stolen the body of Nephthys?" I cried,

Again they looked upon each other and again the same young man said:

"We know nothing of the mummy. We did not know Hamersley Effendi had opened the mummy case."

This certainly was strange. I would return to the tent and think a few moments. When I entered the tent I saw lying beside Hamersley's bed a bit of crumpled paper. Bending down, I picked it up; written with an unsteady hand, were these words, hardly legible:

"I have buried the necklace beneath my cot. She is calling and waiting for me. I can not resist. I go to her in her beauty. God have mercy on my soul."

That was all and from that day to this nothing more has been heard of Professor Edwin Hamersley, Ph. D., late Archeologist to the Metropolitan Museum.

Had he gone mad, like poor Mack? Rising suddenly I ran to the tomb and entered. There as she had lain yesterday and for an innumerable number of yesterdays, was Nephthys in her coffin. Was I, too, going mad? A mummy cannot get up and walk about. I thought of all I had ever read of vampires and witches. I had heard of black magic but such things could not be. Of course I was in Egypt, the inexplicable, the occult. Gathering myself together, which took all my will power, I returned to my tent and there, as Hamersley had written, was buried beneath his cot the cursed necklace.

What should I do? I was alone with these men and if they learned that the mummy had returned to its coffin they would wonder what was the matter with me. I thought over the matter some time and then remembered the bright young man who had become spokesman since poor Mohamed's death. I sent for him and when he entered my tent I said:

"Harrun, can you keep a secret and help me in my time of need?"

Bowing, he replied that he could be trusted to the death. Being satisfied, I made a clean breast of the whole story, giving him every particular. He thought a while and said: "I know a wise Dervish who lives one day's camel journey from here. If you will trust me, you and I will go to

him and I think that he will explain this matter to Gore Effendi."

"Very good, Harrun, day after tomorrow I will go with you but not tomorrow because I must securely pack the mummy and the mummy case so that we can send it with those specimens we have ready to go to the museum."

He urged me to go tomorrow but at last, seeing that I would not consent, he left me.

Once more I carefully examined the necklace. What craftsmen these men of old were! What carving and what handiwork was here displayed! As I sat on the box, looking at this work of a bygone age, it seemed to me that the wall of the tent began to fade away; I seemed to pass back through myriads of years till at last clearly before me I saw a walled town to which I seemed to be drawing near. I entered a great gate which clanged behind me, and found myself in a narrow street shouldering my way toward the centre of the city to which all seemed to be moving. I saw two young men about my own age walking before me. I joined them and one said,

"Good-morning, Ruben, and how are your mother Myra and your sister Ruth?"

"Well, thank you," I replied.

"Have you heard the news?" they asked.

"No," I replied; "why do all push toward the Temple of the Most High which our noble king is building?"

"Have you not heard that Hurim the Master is dead, murdered, it is said, by three workers from the temple? Who ever heard of the like? A good and just man. He lies in state now in the center court and the soldiers seek for his murderers; also three Craftsmen have been sent North, South, East, and West to see if by any means the murderers can be found."

"They say," said Phinias, the younger of the two with whom I was walking, "that the murderers tried to get passage to Ethiopia but could not. The word is lost, then, if Hurim is dead, and how can the work of the temple go on?"

"It will go on, never fear," said Zaduke, my other companion, "for Nephstes, the daughter of Pharaoh and the favorite wife of Solomon, has said it would and she is well learned in magic."

As I heard these words, they seemed to be very far away and I came to full consciousness with a start, to find myself sitting upon my cracker box.

(Continued in our next issue.)

Notes For Members

The following is a letter to the Secretary of our Branch in Portland, Ore. We feel that the contents of this letter are such as would be appropriate at this time for all members to read, since the points taken up would be of importance to members throughout the American jurisdiction as well as to members in any one particular vicinity.

Therefore, instead of publishing extracts from the letter, we have given the letter in full:

Aug. 18, 1926.

"Respected Members of Portland and Vicinity:—

"It has been called to my attention, officially, by the representative of your organized body, Katherine W. Boyersmith, Secretary, that you were intending a business meeting, for the purpose of unifying the efforts of the various members toward the goal of establishing and organizing a greater membership in Portland, and that a few words from Headquarters would be appreciated at this time.

"From the analysis of the correspondence during the last two years, I feel that some very valuable statistics have been gained, that, if mentioned to the various members, would be of great assistance and help to them in promulgating work in their various vicinities.

"The correspondence of the organization is the pulse of the organization. Each letter is the expression and intention of every member. It is not collective, but individual.

"When we speak orally, and direct questions orally, we are apt, sometimes, to be swayed by environment, conditions and persons, and to direct our question before the proper consideration has been given. When we write, however, it takes a greater length of time to form our words and convey our impressions, and thus we are more apt to analyze and give thought to what we are to convey, before we express it on paper. Therefore, it is fair to say that written questions and queries are of greater import than those made orally.

"Our statistics have been compiled from the questions coming from various parts of the world, from members of this organization, during the last two years. The paramount question seems to be the manner of presentation of this work; that is to say, the question that seems to be more often directed to Headquarters is: "In what manner shall I, present to those who are strangers,

but who are interested in this field, the subject of Rosicrucianism?"

"That is the question that has caused the most difficulty in the minds of our members. They are all anxious to inform those whom they feel would make good members, and who would appreciate the studies of AMORC; but, at the same time, they do not know how to broach the subject to those who are strangers, without appearing ridiculous and absurd. It might seem strange for us, who so thoroughly understand the principles of Rosicrucianism, to think that someone would think it absurd and ridiculous to broach the subject, but such is the case in many instances.

"Complete history of the Order has been published in many ways; in the old 'Rosae Crucis' magazine, which has now been discontinued, and recently a complete history was published in one of the local presses of Tampa, Florida, and copyrighted and circulated throughout this country and Canada.

"In brief, the organization owes its origin to Amenhotep, the Fourth, the Egyptian Pharaoh; continuing down through those periods, being suppressed and concealed because of various persecutions, until 1693, it established itself in Philadelphia, still, however, under the Jurisdiction of France. Later, in 1909, the Emperor, Dr. H. S. Lewis, received his authority in France, to be the authorized head of the North American jurisdiction of the Order.

"Since 1915, the Order has had its Headquarters in various sections of the country, for the purpose of building up those sections; for example, New York, San Francisco, and now Tampa; though aside from the points of Headquarters, every large city in the United States has a branch, and every State in the Union has many representatives in the way of direct correspondent members and group formations.

"The question may be directed to one of our members, by a stranger, in this manner: 'Why is not the organization in the same stage of secrecy and concealment that it was years ago? Why is the organization so open, so easily found, its members so glad to admit their affiliation? Why does it use certain dignified advertisements for the extension of its work? And why does it permit its members to invite others?'

"The student may answer in one short sentence: 'Because this is the year 1926.'

"There were reasons, very evident a cen-

ago, for the concealment of the Rosicrucian Order in various parts of the country and also other fraternal organizations. It is only a matter of history, that when the Church and State were one, whatever was the official religion of the Nation, at that time, was the one that should be paramount. Philosophies and schools of progressive thought were condemned and subject to persecution. It was then necessary for fraternal orders to place themselves in concealment, if they were to meet in collective societies. They dared not invite one, and it was a test of the sincerity of a Neophyte to inquire and search for the organization; because his search for knowledge might have meant the sacrifice of his life, in those times.

Things in the modern day and age have changed. Knowledge is no longer considered something to be persecuted, to be condemned. It need not hide its light under a proverbial bushel, but may surge ahead, under the banner and leader of humanity. Therefore, the Rosicrucian Order, as a representative of knowledge, invites all those sincere and sincere seekers to enter its ranks; presents forth broadly and openly and requests all those who are sincere to investigate its truth.

Advertising today is not only considered a medium of commercialism and big business; advertising today is considered a means of announcement. Presses of today are the carriers of knowledge. Dignified advertisements, therefore, are being used today by churches and universities, in the use of notice and invitation, rather than the sense of offer. Also, today, the organization looks upon secrecy in a different light than a century ago.

"Secrecy, today, is looked upon as a condition of reverence, rather than a condition of concealment. We have secrecy in the organization today because we do not wish to tribute to those who might not be interested and who might profane the truth; therefore we retain carefully this knowledge, and allow only the sincere students to possess it. So it is easily seen that the proper interpretation of secrecy, as used by the organization, is the representation of reverence, rather than the concealment.

"Furthermore, this organization does not deal with any of the speculative sciences and theories. It does not enter into, or take up, the subject of Spiritualism; not because

it condemns it, but because it is so difficult to determine between the sensational phenomenon hunter, and the sincere student of the occult who delves into Spiritualism. Thus the same rule may be applied to other speculative sciences, which include Astrology and, in some instances, Numerology.

"Keep in mind that we are not condemning them. They are helpful and instructive, but since we cannot find them to be practical and useful in our everyday life, we suggest to our members, if they desire to study them, to take them up elsewhere, because the AMORC confines its teachings to those principles we can use in our every day life.

"It is also reasonable to understand that the AMORC, the international organization, could not possibly be religious in the sense that it is confined to any particular creed or dogma, since by so doing, it would persecute some of its members in some lands. Its truths must be universal, since all the nations of the World are represented in the studies of AMORC, and the AMORC could not have the stigma of creed or dogma placed upon it. Furthermore, how could the AMORC purport to contain universal truth, if that truth was entrenched in one channel?

"Therefore, summing up the matter, we have the AMORC as a fraternal and educational organization, not limited by dogmas or creeds, represented in the Nations throughout the World, dealing not in speculative theories but in the practical things of everyday life: not a commercial organization, selling books, since the teachings of the AMORC could not be put in books, for the truth is always being discovered and brought forth. An organization recognizing no distinction of color, race, or sex; its only requirements that of moral standing, that are set by its constitution. Its purpose being the development of mankind, and the brotherhood of Man.

"I hope that this little talk has given you a basis to work upon, in presenting an explanation of your Order, our Order, to those who may inquire for information.

"Hoping that the organization will develop, progress, and grow, to the same extent locally as it has internationally within the last year, I am

"With all Good Wishes For Peace Found,

"Fraternally,
"SUPREME SECRETARY."

Nine Practical German Mystics

By Fra Fidelis

1. Berthold Lech



JOHANN Christian Gaedicke wrote, in 1818, that "everyman ought to be somewhat mystical, but should guard against coarse mysticism."

(1) The one is practical, the other is not. What is meant by "practical mysticism" will, it is hoped, become apparent in these all-too-brief sketches. Rosicrucians will see that "the practical" runs through them all. (2)

Berthold Lech (3) was born about 1220-30, and was destined to develop into an eloquent and popular preacher-mystic, who left "his signature" upon succeeding years.

In one of his very vigorous sermons, he said: "You have paid a visit to the Shrine of St. James, and there you have seen his skull, which consists of dead bones; but the better part of the Saint is in heaven." This was the sort of language certain to be understood by his congregation. He did not talk over their heads, as do frequently modern preachers.

Furthermore, this Rosicrucian refused to tolerate life as it existed in his day; nor did he denounce it; but to his credit be it said that he tried hard to transmute it into a higher life.

The story is told that once, while preaching, a mighty sinner interrupted him, crying aloud: "I repent! I promise God and you to lead a pure life!" Fra Berthold interrupted his sermon, gave order that a collection be made at once, for the penitent Magdalen, "so that she might be started forthwith on the highroad to honest living!"

The "Franciscan-who-loved-the-poor" thus proved himself to be a practical brother to an error-enmeshed sister. However, were such practice to become general, it might lead to many non-genuine conversions; a fact which he himself realized. Still, he wanted to get over his point and force his dullest hearer to understand.

Berthold Lech preached the truth that the world was made to be the home for happy men and that it had been greatly depraved by men. He has been accused of being a Communist, because his sermons, even the most orthodox, are permeated with

Communism. But there is nothing to show us that the good Fra Berthold knew the portent of his words—in the present-day acceptance of the term, "Communism." He really believed himself to be strictly orthodox, from the Roman Catholic viewpoint of his time.

To the absolute freedom of man's will he ascribed the origin of existing evil. Men thought badly and, consequently, behaved badly. Repeatedly did he exclaim: "God created this world as complete as He made the heavens! As there is no star wanting there, so there is nothing for man's use left wanting here! Don't be robbed of your share!" No wonder he was popular. Such evolutionary thoughts have come down to our time, gaining more and more power daily; though the preacher's name be now well-nigh forgotten. Strange that the Vatican should have "missed" this eminent heretic!

His Master, the learned monk, David of Augsburg, occasionally accompanied the scholar in his travels through Thuringia, Bavaria and Bohemia.

NOTES

(1) A Berlin bookseller and author, who, in 1818, published "Freimaurer Lexicon," a creditable pioneer "Freemasons' Lexicon." See "Encyclopaedia of Freemasonry," by A. G. Mackey and C. T. McClenachan; revised edition by Hawkins and Hughan; Masonic History Co.; 1924; vol. 1, p. 289.

(2) Consult "Outlines of German Literature," by Jos. Gostwick & Robt. Harrison; Holt & Co., N. Y., 1873; pp. 63-5, 91-4, 112-16, 232, 379-83, 473-4, 491, on the subject of the German mystics. These "Outlines" extend from 380 A. D. to 1870.

(3) Do not confuse with Berthold, Roman Catholic apologist, Bishop of Chiemsee, whose "German Theology" appeared in 1527, and who tried valiantly, though unsuccessfully, to bring back the wanderers into the fold of the ancient Church. "These times have made manifest that secret hatred of the Catholic Church and its clergy, which has long remained hidden in the heart of unrighteous men." Georg Hamann, the "Magus of the North," answered the good bishop unconsciously in "Schriften. Herausgegeben von Friedrich Roth," (Berlin, 1821, vol. 1., "The Merchant"): "Was it the fault of religion, that in those dark days of superstition, the Spiritual Order adopted a sort of assiento-contract—a contract between the Christian King of Spain and other Powers, for introducing negro-slaves into Spanish colonies), that the priest carried on a most lucrative stock-jobbing, derived premiums from the fear of hell, sold the church-soll to the dead, taxed the early days of marriage, and made a profit on sins, which he, for the most part, invented himself." The "unrighteousness" colored the thoughts of too many of the Master Jesus' shepherds and—the "righteous" flocks rebelled.



Warning To Our Members

By The IMPERATOR

A number of our members have written us, asking if the Rosicrucian Order teaches spiritualistic mediumship and approves of going into trances and other unknown mental or physical states for the purpose of attempting to communicate with spirits on another plane.

The questions are usually asked by members who have just entered into our work and who have not received many of our weekly lectures; otherwise they would know the attitude of AMORC in this regard. They would know that the AMORC distinctly states that mediumship is not a part of the Rosicrucian teachings and that the Rosicrucian Order knows that it is not possible to communicate with "spirits", but that soul communion is possible under certain conditions when the one on this plane seeking such communion has eventually reached a high state of Cosmic attunement. This is possible whether the personality to be connected with is still on this plane of existence or in a transitory state upon another plane. Our members know, also, that our teachings throughout discountenance so-called mediumship, trance states and similar conditions expounded by spiritualists and by those who are not familiar with the real mystical laws involved.

But others write us, claiming that they have found in the open market a book purporting to be issued by the Rosicrucians, claiming to teach spiritualistic mediumship. After investigation we have found that there is a book to be found in the open market, entitled "A Brief Course in Mediumship" by "Khei", issued under what appears to be the Rosicrucian imprint and Rosicrucian authority of an organization known as a society. We need not say that such a book is not a truly Rosicrucian book in any sense and does not contain true Rosicrucian teachings.

We are very much surprised to find that the author, who claims in other writings that he does not teach mediumship, presents in this book, published within recent years, a complete outline of methods whereby one may develop mediumship for the purpose of spiritualistic communications. The title-page states that the book contains a series of instructions given to Neophytes of the main branch of the society conducted by Khei as a part of his Rosicrucian teachings, and that

the lessons were "done into print by permission of the Brotherhood."

On the first page of the instructions we read that intercommunication between the physical and spiritual worlds is assumed as a pre-requisite for fellowship in the Rosicrucian Order. We wish to state that while the ability to communicate with spirits may be a pre-requisite for membership in the society conducted by Khei, it most certainly is not a pre-requisite for membership in the Rosicrucian Order known throughout the world as AMORC. We fail to find in any of the ancient, authentic writings of the Order that mediumship or the ability to communicate with spirits is a necessary qualification for membership in the Rosicrucian Brotherhood. Furthermore, it has always been discountenanced as a practice and a habit, and the Neophyte and the Adept have always been warned against attempting to experiment with laws and principles regarding which they could know nothing until after many years of serious study and experiment with other laws. After such serious study and experiment the desire to practice mediumship and to enter into trance states is eliminated through the greater knowledge.

The book referred to above contains chapters and passages pertaining to many ideas and practices commonly rejected by the educated and well-trained mystic, and looked upon with disfavor by the average intelligent man or woman. The statement is made on page 5 that **clairvoyance** may be developed by the assistance of hypnotism or somnambulism. This is a dangerous statement and the use of hypnotism or any of its principles by the untrained person is certainly to be discouraged by every one who has the student's welfare at heart.

We read on page 6 that **clairaudience** may be developed through entering into the **trance state**. In explaining this trance state and how to enter it, the instructions are that "The medium surrenders the voluntary control of his or her own physical organism to that of the operating intelligence, sometimes known as the control". If such a thing as this were possible it would be far too dangerous to teach and to encourage, and would be responsible for terrible situations; it would undoubtedly lead to a breaking down of the mental poise and equilibrium of the one who practiced it, leading

perhaps to an unsound mind, if not to insanity. But we thank the God of our hearts and of the universe that He has arranged things in the great scheme of life so that no one can completely surrender the voluntary control of his physical organism to another intelligence, except the Divine intelligence of God. Therefore the instructions are false and misleading.

The student is further told, on page 13, in connection with his attempts to speak while under control or while in a trance, that he should not "mind how trivial or foolish the impression or thought conveyed may seem to you, enunciate it at once. Many fine results have come from an apparently foolish impression at the start." Is not that wonderful advice to give a Neophyte under the guise of Rosicrucian teachings? And how can one in a trance regulate his statements? Examples of what can be done through trance mediumship are quoted in the book and taken from the newspaper called "The Progressive Thinker". This newspaper is the official publication of the Spiritualistic movement in this country. Whenever a sane and sensible person reads that paper and the experiences sent to it by the trance mediums from all over the country, he becomes nauseated with some of the inane, foolish and ridiculous claims and experiments tabulated as proofs of immortality. The paper makes its appeal to unthinking persons as well as to the public practitioner of Spiritualism for a living. To take extracts from such a paper to support points in the course of mediumship certainly reveals the profundity and the sincerity of the whole system in the book.

In Chapter Three the reader is told that the trance state can be conscious and unconscious, and then he is told that no occultist, psychologist or scientist can define what a trance really is, except that something happens, and no one knows what becomes of the ego during the trance. Yet, hundreds are expected to study this book and practice entering into such an unknown state where something can happen to the ego that the author of the book does not understand.

Continuing the rest of this indefinite explanation, on page 32 the author says that trance has remained a mystery for ages. Throughout Chapter Three the reader is urged to continue the practice of entering into the trance state, and the author explains what sensations he may expect to experience, saying that one of the first sensations "is somewhat akin to that noted when one is taking gas or other anaesthetic—a sense

of approaching asphyxiation or strangulation....IT IS death—temporarily—the only difference between it and what is commonly and mistakenly called death being that in the latter case the silver cord breaks and the ego returns no more to that particular vehicle." Then the chapter continues to explain how a person desiring to go into a trance may be placed in the trance through hypnotism or hypnotic power exerted on the part of another person. All this is offered in these days when even the novice in the study of psychology knows that enforced hypnotic trances are unreliable and will not produce such results as this.

Then the chapter comes to a close with this excellent gem of truth: "In regard to the physiological conditions involved in the development of trance, it must be confessed that thus far it has been impossible to find a medium who has succeeded in attaining this development who has not done so at the expense of ideal physical conditions." He should say at the expense of health and life also.

Despite this warning the book goes on, in Chapter Four, to explain how to get into other states, and calls the reader's attention to the fact that the Holy Ghosts and similar sects are examples of those who use these methods of attaining inspiration and revelation. Evidently the reader is encouraged to become one of the Holy Rollers or other fanatical, religious, persons who voluntarily throw themselves into highly excitable states and accept every impression that comes to their minds as being Divine in source and purpose. Every warden of every public insane asylum, and every chief physician of every private insane institution will tell you that he has under his care many whose minds have become permanently unsound through such religious or psychological forms of fanaticism.

According to the last chapter of the book it would appear that the teachings presented by the author to his students in his society, or "college", as he calls it, consist of ways and means of entering into peculiar mental and physical states in order to learn the laws of nature and to bring about Cosmic attunement. He constantly speaks of the peculiar processes, unconscious states, trance conditions, physical and mental periods into which the student enters in order to become acquainted with the spiritual world and the world about him.

All this is known to the real Rosicrucian as untrue, and we feel that it is our duty to warn our members and our readers against

the temptation of such practices as these. Any organization encouraging, teaching, promulgating, or even condoning such practices as these will sometime have to compensate for the trouble and suffering, mental and physical, that will come into the lives of those who were unfortunate enough to believe all that was said and entered into the spirit of such dangerous practices.

Again we say, leave alone every idea and thought that you may have in regard to spiritual communication until you know all the laws and principles of the universe that pertain to the soul and the ability of one mind to reach the mind of another being. If you cannot evolve and attain mastership without going into unconscious or unknown states, then do not attempt to learn anything; for it was never intended by God or nature that man should throw himself into a questionable, dangerous state, and unconscious existence, in order to become eventually conscious of all that he is or all that exists around him. We regret that any such book as the one we have mentioned

above has been offered to the public with a semblance of the symbols of the Rosicrucian Order upon its cover, and we hope that the sincere seekers for Rosicrucian knowledge are not of that gullible class that will buy and accept a course of instruction of this kind and consider it as authentic Rosicrucian teachings. The desire to commercialize the Rosicrucian principles, or to make money through the sale of books, is so great on the part of many writers and publishers that books of all kinds, and courses of instructions unworthy of Rosicrucian approval, are being offered in every country of the world today. Remember, the real Rosicrucian Order does not put its teachings into books to be sold in the public market; and any organization claiming to be Rosicrucian, and offering you a list of books that you may buy in any bookstore, especially books upon such subjects as Mediumship and Spiritualism, proves by this very act that it is not carrying out the ancient ideals and principles of the true Rosicrucian Fraternity.

Idealism, Mysticism—Are They Practical?

By R. M. LEWIS, SUPREME SECRETARY

Reference is constantly being made, by those who first consciously awake to the inner urge and realization of the duality of their existence, to the term of practical mysticism; that is, when an individual has at last reached the crisis of his cycle on this plane, where he comprehends with inner intelligence that there exists, besides the outer world, an inner world; when he realizes, from inklings of truth attained through unconscious attunement, that there is something other than can be comprehended by his objective mind, and that he should investigate the subject more deeply, he "follows" the regular routine of a neophyte at this particular stage. Perhaps it might seem rather peculiar to term it routine, but there is a certain path, containing various tests and trials that the seeker for truth must follow, and this path is very easy to travel by the neophyte. Thus it is really a routine that he follows, before he knows where to look for the real guide, and while on this path he has delved into many sources and received many suggestions. Naturally, he has set for himself mysticism as his goal and conscious understanding.

But perhaps, after several contacts with this subject, and after several interviews with some of its exponents, he has come to doubt a few things. One of these things, without a doubt, is whether or not it is practical. He analyzes thus: My past experience on this physical plane has caused me to record various impressions upon that physical or-

ganism, the brain, to such an extent that I can refer to it instantaneously for comparison. I can prove the existence of certain things on the physical plane. In fact, every material object or condition reacts to me in the form of a sensation that I can prove at the moment of its reaction, and compare it with past experiences. So physical and material things of life are known to me.

Is the impulse that I am following, and which has been explained to me as mysticism, an ideal that is created by my own mind, let us say subjectively? Is it merely an ideal vision; or is it a practical, useful system of laws that I can apply? This is the first great obstacle that the neophyte meets in his path.

Many students briefly place the query in this way: I know of one world. This I am conscious of always. But mentally I create certain ideals, certain impressions that I cannot substantiate or prove. Are these gleanings of truths of another world, so called the spiritual world, or are they merely the opposites of the things I know? I know, says the neophyte, that I must be conscious and adhere to the physical, material world; but at times I am aware of an impression that is the direct opposite of the laws of the material world.

Have I merely created this within my own mind as an ideal, opposite to that which I know; or is it an actual truth of another plane of existence

that I do not know of, but am gradually becoming conscious of?

Again, the student of philosophy and psychology might consider mysticism in this sense. The human mind not only records various impressions that are conveyed by the sensory nerves, but it also classifies them; and it is this classification that results in memory. Thus, do we take all these impressions of like nature and summarize them consciously into one unit; and then, when fully conscious of this unit of impressions, we realize it as a certain distinct factor or ideal. If this may be the case, says the student, then all our ideals are merely compiled impressions, moulded into a unit, and this unit itself impresses us consciously of a certain distinct thing, idealized.

This thing we classify as an ideal. If this is the result, then ideals are merely mental creation, and the spiritual or mystical side of life is not a distinct plane from the physical plane, but is really a more classical comprehension of the material side of life. In other words, some students would say that mysticism is the idealizing of the material, objective world.

But the student is wrong. Mysticism is distinct, by itself. Mysticism is the art of knowing God. It is the possible way for us to know God within us, and it is God within us that is the other side of man.

There is the personality without. It is the "I". Mysticism, as the Rosicrucians know it, is a distinct, separate part of man and not merely the reaction of the physical side of man. Mysticism is practical, it is the divine side of man, and it is those divine laws of the universe that have allowed the existence of the material side of man. The material side of man is secondary.

It is true, mysticism is an ideal. Mysticism is the word, the law. It is the spiritual side of man that resulted in the objective manifestation of man. Therefore, if we study mysticism and thoroughly comprehend its laws, digest it, we are bound to know that it is practical, since it will teach us the proper purpose of man. It will teach us the limitations of the material side of man, and how the two, though distinct, must be worked in unity. Man does not know himself until he knows mysticism. When he knows mysticism he knows God, and he knows himself.

Thus it is easily seen that mysticism is practical, because if man does not know of the spiritual side of himself, he misses the purpose of his existence, fails to comprehend his place in the scheme of things, and cannot do justice to his existence in the physical world. Any means that will show man his proper place in the scheme of things certainly will serve a purpose, and a practical one.

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